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CCSC 2010 Board Members

George Alberts, Commodore	(gealberts@verizon.net)	410-730-2245
Patrick McGeehan, Vice Commodore	(sailannierose@gmail.com)	410-905-2728
Ilyse Delanoy, Secretary/Membership	(idelanoy@comcast.net)	410-484-1974
Ed Sabin, Treasurer	(esabin1@comcast.net)	410-255-7362
Cynthia & Duncan MacDonald, Social	(DunMcDnld@verizon.net)	410-799-9517
Judy & Steve Foland, Hornpipe Editors	(Foland@aol.com)	301-261-6613

Commodore's Comments

Hot. Hazy. And did I say hot?

Tuesday, July 6, 4:00 p.m., on board *Breezing Up*. Motoring north of Bloody Point Light, off the western shore of Kent Island, in a light southerly wind canceled by the motion of the boat. Stifling.

After tying up at Hammock Island that evening, I learned that Baltimore had set a high temperature record for the day, at 105 degrees. That explains why I saw very few boats out on the water.

So what was I doing out there? In fact, I was concluding a mostly marvelous five-day CCSC cruise. Jutta drove to meet up with me Friday in Knapp's Narrows Marina, and drove home from there Tuesday. Great thanks to Duncan and Cynthia for organizing a superb few days on the Choptank over the Fourth of July weekend. The tour of Poplar Island Tuesday morning, which they arranged, was one of the most interesting cruising experiences I've enjoyed. For the most part the weather cooperated, and the evenings were comfortable. (And there was no threat of thunderstorms.) Watch for their cruise report!

The moral of this story: We have to be willing to leave our comfort zone now and then to get out on the water for a cruise, but it can be well worth the trouble.

George Alberts

Up the Creek Cruise

The land/water cruise up to the top of Bodkin Creek to the Sabin's on June 19 and 20 was well attended. If you look carefully you can see the masts of three boats tied up at the end of our dock.



The boats were *Breezing Up* with the Alberts, *Annie Rose* with the McGeehans, and *Mutima* with Nan Shellabarger and Jenny Poniske. The rest of the twenty people here on Saturday evening came by car. All together, the group was substantially larger compared to the number of people who participated in last year's **Up the Creek Cruise**. The weather was warm and sticky, but fortunately there was a breeze that made sitting outside doable. Jutta Alberts went into the water several times for exercise and to cool off.



Sunday a.m. was still hot and muggy with no breeze, so the group, especially those who had spent a warm night on board their boats, opted to eat inside to take advantage of air conditioning. Fourteen people had blueberry pancake and waffle breakfasts over a two-hour period. Carol and Bill Durr came by electric launch; and Jan and Hank Zerhusen, Mary and Lee Benedict, and Barbara and Dick Callis came by car. Next year hopefully we'll have cooler weather.

Robbie and Ed Sabin

P.S.: The secret ingredient in Ed's pancakes and waffles is buttermilk.

Broad Creek, Magothy River - June 26-27

Originally slated as a cruise to Havre de Grace for the Blues Festival, I decided to make it easy on all of us and chose a nearby location. The choice proved popular, with seven boats rafting up just inside Broad Creek on the Magothy River (eight, counting the Flynn's dinghy; nine, counting a power boat bringing the Sabins' son and some friends to join us briefly).

I took a chance and anchored farther out than usual, hoping for a cooling breeze overnight to keep us comfortable. It proved to be a rougher anchoring spot than I'd hoped (my bad), but it calmed down and cooled down by late evening.

Jutta and I were anchored on board *Breezing Up* by 2:00 p.m., and by party hour we had been joined by Barbara and Dick Callis on *Windsong*, Robbie and Ed Sabin on *Aldeberan*, Barb and Matt Coyle on *Nancy Ann*, Pat Nathanson and two

friends on *Sou'wester*, Jetty and Joe Stockel on *Boreas*, and Ilyse and Jesse Delanoy on *Off the Grid*. We were especially pleased to welcome new members Jetty and Joe on their first CCSC cruise, and to welcome Pat back to cruising with us. As mentioned above, Adrian and Tom joined us by dinghy.

Several of us enjoyed swimming in the comfortably warm, nettle-free waters. Party hour and the usual fine hors d'oeuvres were enjoyed by all, before the Flynns and the Coyles headed back to their home ports.

The rest of us enjoyed a restful evening and relatively easy trips back home Sunday morning.

George Alberts

New Radio Checks

Sea Tow has launched a new automated radio check service on the upper bay and the central bay. For the upper bay, use channel 28; and for the central bay, use channel 27. The upper bay's transmitter is located on the Bohemia River, while the central bay's transmitter is located in Annapolis. It's fully automated, so just request a radio check on either channel. If the station can receive you, your request in your own voice will be transmitted back to you. This may eliminate long waits to see if anyone is around and wants to reply to your request on channel 9. Give it a try the next time you're out.

Art Grotz

Fourth of July Cruise

There were five boats that participated —Albertses on *Breezing Up*, Callises on *Windsong*, Grotzes on *Lauren A*, Zerhusens on *Octavia*, and MacDonalds on *Heather II*. The Flynns came by car.

By mid-afternoon on Sunday the fourth everyone had arrived, and we gathered at the new (last season) gazebo at the Cambridge Yacht Club, where slips had been reserved.

The Club had its usual buffet, but we all opted to walk down High Street to Snappers for dinner in the air conditioning. After dinner we had dessert, a patriotic cake, in the park and then gathered on the lawn at the club where there was a

clear view across the water to the jetty from where the fireworks were fired.

These fireworks have an interesting history. A DuPont left a grant to the city of Cambridge, the interest on which is to be used ONLY for fireworks. This results in a great half-hour show each year.



The evening was cool and provided great sleeping for the second night in a row. Then reality — hot days and nights came back, so some of us stayed at the air conditioned inn at Knapp's Narrows Marina & Inn. We had spent all afternoon in the shade at the pool, and later some of the group went to Harrison's for crabs.

The next morning we were booked on the boat trip to go out and view the restoration project at Poplar Island. The island is divided into two general areas: The lower marsh for wildlife and the upper higher area for forest and hopefully for protection from the bay. The marsh has already become a good habitat for birds, diamondback terrapins, and muskrats. An errant fox and raccoon were removed in order to provide a predator-free home. The upper area is not yet planted, because the elevation is still being worked on.

The whole island is also divided into cells that are in various stages of development. Besides the original island footprint, another area will be added on the northern end. This should all be completed by 2021. It is a fascinating project by the Corps of Engineers, who are providing the material from dredging, and the Maryland Department of the Environment.

By the time we returned to Knapp Narrows and had lunch (in the air conditioning again) we all called it quits and headed to our home ports —

except the Grotzes who opted to stay over and leave early the next morning.

This was the shortest Fourth of July cruise yet, but we couldn't stand the heat. It really was scary, with the heat index in the triple digits.

Cynthia and Duncan MacDonald

Unfamiliar Threats

Robbie and I have enjoyed a couple of overnights with the boat club in recent weeks despite the hot weather. At one small raft-up, a couple of people felt secure enough in the congenial company to share some anxieties about boating. I hope the rest of us in the cockpit were kind and supportive in responding. Afterward, I thought of a little speech I could have made. (As an ex-teacher, I'm fond of making little speeches whenever I can. I don't have a captive audience anymore.

My speech would have been about unfamiliar versus familiar threats. One of my professors wrote a book about calculating risks. He later went to work for the insurance industry. His basic point was that we tend to magnify the risk of unfamiliar threats and to downplay or become inured to familiar threats.

I can think of many examples. Remember all the fuss about anthrax a decade or so ago? In the end, only a few people ever died from anthrax. Meanwhile, about 40,000 people a year are dying in traffic accidents in the U.S.

Forty thousand people dying a year is about comparable to two jumbo jets falling from the skies every week for a year, killing all on board. Can you imagine the fuss in this country if even one standard-size airplane crashed every week for a year?

The unfamiliar environment of boating can seem more threatening than the familiar risk of driving on the Baltimore or Washington beltway, but in reality, boating is probably safer.

Ed Sabin (the old philosopher)